

Ultimatum-Part 3 (2)

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Summary: This is what happens when the Spartans we ended with in Ghosts of Onyx find themselves in separate worlds where magic is real, technology is slow, heroes exist, and the missing could be closer than you think. Based off the characters from the books, games, cartoons, comics, tv series and movies that make up this web of worlds. **Re-vamp of previous 1st chapter.**

Ultimatum-Part 3 (2)

3- Ash 1- HP

3; part 1 Ch. 1 "A Magical Encounter"

TIME UNKOWN, LOCATION UNKOWN/Ash-G099

As soon as he'd entered the rift, Ash looked around. Pitch black nothingness surrounded him. Kurt's voice filled the COM. "Saber One, You read me?"

"We're go-."He started to report, but he carried on the "O" due to a violent tug around his midsection. Lights exploded into view as he was pulled forward. He was pulled quickly along some kind of tunnel. He looked around at the lights he was passing and noticed that they weren't lights at all; they were other places, bits of other worlds. He looked through one and was unsure if he had seen correctly, what he thought he saw was a UNSC Frigate ship leaving a ring shaped construct of some sort. He flew by it, moving at an incredible rate now, he was levitating in midair as he passed world after world. He spotted a white spec at what he assumed the end of the tunnel was. It grew closer at a rate he did not think was possible. When he reached it the light it gave off was too much, his helmet polarized to max but he still lost his vision. Then he blacked out.

"What are we going to do, Albus?" Fudge asked, almost fully panic stricken. "Black is on the loose, not a trace of him anywhere. Harry deciding to run away from home. If the Knight Bus hadn't shown up

when it did-"

"But it did Cornelius, Let us be thankful." Dumbledore said.

There was a bright light outside the window of the room they were in. "What is that" Fudge asked squinting at it. "Never mind. What about Hogwarts?" Fudge asked. "Our security has been increased, Minister, he'll be safe there." Dumbledore said, a little speck of doubt was worming its way into his thoughts though as he reassured the Minister. "As long as there's the slightest chance to get to Harry, Black will take it. We'll need a bloody miracle to keep him safe." Fudge said, obviously getting the same ominous doubt in his mind.

There was a surprised scream from outside where the light had been. "Black! He's here! That must've been him!" Fudge said sprinting to the door, Dumbledore hot on his heels.

"Ouch." Ash said as he regained consciousness. He was on the ground, well actually it was more like a street. Cobblestone to be exact. 'Cobblestone? Didn't know they still made streets like this.' Ash thought as he traced the stones with his finger. He stood slowly, still a little off balance from whatever happened to him. He made a quick sweep of his surroundings. Nothing looked familiar. The street, the older style buildings, not even the lamp posts.

'Where am I?' He thought.

All of the sudden there was a series of short pops and the next thing Ash knew, he was surrounded by dark cloaked figures. "Stupify!" many of them yelled. Brilliant white spurts of light flew in Ash's direction. His reflexes kicked in and he dodged through the paths of the small flying bulbs of light.

What was going on?! Who were these people? Why were they dressed like that? Why were they attacking him? And WHAT WERE THEY ATTACKING HIM WITH?!

"What do you want from me?!" Ash demanded as he dodged another volley of the light projectiles. With no answer Ash decided to disarm his opponents.

He engaged his SPI suit's active camouflage. The attackers seemed bewildered. "Where's he gone?!" one of them demanded. The man inched forward where Ash had been. Ash got a good look at the weapon as the man passed right by him, it was a stick. It had an intricate engraved design on it. 'What is this?' he thought. As if on cue one of them said "Keep your wands at the ready. Black may be able to disappear, but he's around here somewhere." 'Wands? Black?' Ash wondered.

He wanted to know more but with the threat of attack from these strangely attired men, he had to defend himself before he asked any questions.

He reached out to the first man's arm and twisted the "Wand" out of his grip. The man yelled in surprise which caused the others to cast off random shots of light. Ash ducked and weaved through the shaken men. And disarmed them one by one, each letting out startled cries.

"Where the devil 'as 'e gone?" one of them said. Ash deactivated his camouflage. "I'm right here." He said holding all the wands in his hand. None of the men moved. Ash was about to start his questioning when he heard a door open behind him. He spun around and had his MA5K leveled at the new comers. "Wait!" an older man's voice said. "I believe there's been a misunderstanding here." He said stepping fully into the light with his arms up.

The man wore flowing robes of silver; he had half-moon spectacles behind which sparkled kind yet mischievously child-like eyes, his beard was also more silvery than gray, longer than one Ash had ever seen.

"My name is Albus Dumbledore," The man said. "And this is Cornelius Fudge. I believe there is much to discuss before we carry on any further." The man who called himself Albus said, his tone a serious one. "Why should I trust you?" Ash asked. At this Albus grinned, which made Ash even more uneasy. "Reasons are often unknown to us, but it's our instincts that prove most useful." Albus said. "You should learn to trust yours, Ash." He added

Ash started to think on what Albus said when something clicked about it. 'How did he know my name?!' He straightened his aim on the men "How did you know my name!?" He demanded. Cornelius also looked at Albus, as if he'd been left out of the loop on Ash's identity. "A point I'll explain when we converse, there's much to be learned, I implore you to hear me out." Albus pleaded.

'Well Albus did have a point on his instincts; Lieutenant Commander Ambrose had said the same thing, just in a different phase. "Trust your gut feelings; if it doesn't feel right, get out."

Ash had mixed feelings on this trust though. He'd just left the battle on Onyx; Dante, Will, and Holly die. He didn't even know where the others were, or even if they were alive.

He grimaced and was thankful for his helmet so these people couldn't see the tear rolling down his face. He suddenly got a feeling, as if someone had put a friendly hand on his shoulder. 'Is this a sign?' He wondered. Feeling a good tingle in his gut, he took it as a "Yes"

He slung his MA5K onto his back and stepped forward. "I don't have many other options at this time now do I? Might as well figure out where I am at least." Ash said holding the wands out to the men he'd taken them from. "Wonderful." Dumbledore said clapping his hands together. "Follow me." He added.

With that the headed down the awkwardly empty streets and turned on Charing Cross Road. To Ash, all these places looked run down and abandoned. They headed to an old tavern-like building. Ash's vision got blurry all of the sudden, as if he'd walked through smoke or steam, he took off his helmet and blinked it away and looked back toward Dumbledore and Fudge, who were at the door. But this wasn't the creepy old door on the front of the shack, it was different. He took a step back and looked at the front of the building. His eyes caught a sign; the sign read "The Leaky Cauldron". Ash cocked an eyebrow in interest. 'How did this change? Optical illusion?' he thought. His head started to hurt.

"Greetings Professor," a man said as they walked in. "Hello, Tom."

Dumbledore said politely. "Joined by the Minister of Magic no less." Tom added as he caught sight of Fudge. Ash wasn't too far behind Fudge. Tom eyed Ash as he walked in. "It's alright, Tom. Ash isn't here for trouble." Albus said. Tom's stare turned into a smile. "Well then, Ash, take a seat, What'll you have?"

Ash shot a confused look back at Dumbledore.

"Why don't we talk first, help you understand things." Dumbledore said. "Sir." Ash said with a nod. "Tom, A private parlor, if one's available." Dumbledore said.

"Of course, Professor. This way." Tom said leading them down a wooden hallway.

Once inside they all took seats, Dumbledore and Fudge took ones facing Ash.

"Well, Ash, That is your name is it not?" Fudge asked.

"Yes, Sir, It is." Ash replied.

"Have you got a last name?" Fudge asked.

Ash thought a moment. He'd never really had a last name; he'd been an orphan as long as he could remember. 'Ambrose would fit, He isâ€¦. Was my Commanding Officer, my Teacher, my Mentor.' That was enough for Ash. "Ambrose, Ash Ambrose." He said.

"It's nice to meet you, Ash Ambrose." Dumbledore said. "Let me formally introduce us. I'm Albus Dumbledore, Head Master at Hogwarts. And this is Cornelius Fudge, Minister of Magic."

"We are, at the moment, in the Leaky Cauldron in London, England." Dumbledore started.

Ash didn't have much to say, given the fact that he didn't know what Hogwarts was and wasn't aware magic had a Minister, much less the fact it was real.

Ash was about to speak about being in London but Fudge rudely cut in.

"Albus, how can we know he isn't just a Muggle? How can he be trusted? I'm not okay with sharing information with someone who just appeared from nowhere." Fudge said.

Ash decided to cut in. "It wasn't nowhere, Sir." He said standing. "Well then by all means, explain." Fudge said. "I can't say much more, It'sâ€¦ above top secret." Ash said.

"Top secret?" Fudge asked. "It's alright, Ash. You needn't say more." Dumbledore said with a sympathetic look. "We'll start first." He added with a sort of glare at Fudge.

Ash listened intently to Dumbledore's "Brief" history of magic as Fudge nodded off.

So many things Ash had never known.

The Magical school of Hogwarts, The Four Founders of the school back in the late 900's.

The establishment of the Leaky Cauldron in the 1500's.

The Statute of Secrecy in 1692.

Even the founding of the Ministry of Magic in 1700.

Ash found all of it so fascinating.

When Dumbledore reached the mid-1900's he stopped. "And that brings us almost to present day." Dumbledore said. "Which begins our current predicament." Fudge added, waking from his nap.

Ash was about to ask what predicament when he realized where Dumbledore had stopped. Mid to late 1900's.

Ash stood. "Wait, Sir, Why did you not continue on from the 1900's? That's a six hundred year gap." Ash stated.

"Six hundred years?!" Fudge exclaimed. "Is that so?" Dumbledore asked Ash. "The last date I remember is 2552." Ash said.

"Ash, Our year at this time is only 1993." Dumbledore said almost calmly.

Ash didn't know what to think. The attack on Onyx, his fellow Spartans unaccounted for, new knowledge of magic, now this, Time travel.

He did what Spartans were trained to withstand, He fainted.

End
file.